THE INDIANA

FARMER & GARDENER.

Vol. I. **INDIANAPOLIS, APRIL 5, 1845.** **No. 6.**

PUBLISHED BY

S. V. B. NOEL & CO.

TERMS.—The FARMER AND GARDENER is published *semi-monthly*, each number containing 16 royal octavo pages, at *One Dollar* per annum per copy; *Seventy-five Cents* per copy for Four and less than Ten copies; and *Fifty Cents* per copy for Ten or more copies to the same Post Office. All subscriptions IN ADVANCE.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor of the Indiana Farmer and Gardener.

I have often helped to make soap, and when my weary soul despaired of ever making the discordant elements unite, I used to wonder what was the secret of the matter. As some of your readers may be equally curious, the accompanying article will prove not uninteresting, and may be entitled,

Chemistry of Soap.

Every one uses soap, or ought to; and every farmer's wife, if she does her duty, makes it; but very few, even of our most skillful housewives, understand anything more than the mere mechanical part of the process, and are content, if, by a happy combination of "good luck and awkwardness," they succeed in making a barrel of soft soap and a few bars of hard—enough to last till next time.

I do not intend in this communication to add another to the thousand and one receipts for making this article, nor is it necessary; but it is probable, that your readers may wish to know the reason, if any there be, why they are told to do so and so, in this mysterious process, that they may go to work next time, and have a little knowledge as well as luck, to charm the refractory soap into being.

All soaps, no matter what they are called, are essentially the same; and the process for one is the process for all, modified only by the taste of the maker, according to rules which are empirical, and are patent secrets—the property of the respective manufacturers.

Whenever a pure caustic alkali is added to a fatty or oily substance, a combination takes place, which results in a new article unlike either element, viz—soap.

Spirits of hartshorn (aqua ammoniæ) added to sweet oil, produces a soap, not like the common article, but the volatile liniment so commonly used in medicine.

Caustic soda and sweet oil are the ingredients of Castile Soap; and the same alkali with common animal oil (soap grease) is our common yellow hard soap.

Caustic potash, or common ley, is well known as the alkaline element of our homely soft soap.

In all these cases the reaction is somewhat complex. The alkali does not unite directly with the oil or fat, but first resolves it into two acids* which then unite with the alkali, and generate the neutral substance, soap. After oil has thus been separated into two elements, they may each be obtained pure, one in the form of stearine (an imperfect specimen of which is found in the star candles) and elain, or pure oil, as watch oil. Hence it is easily seen that the process for making lard oil and star candles, *might be* carried on thus: by resolving lard by means of an alkali, into the required elements in the combined form of soap, and then by a reagent obtaining the oil and can-

* By acid is meant in this case, not a sour article—sour to the taste; but in chemistry, any thing is called acid which will unite with an alkali and produce a new substance which exhibits the properties of neither of its generating elements: thus, common white sand is according to the books, silicic acid.

dles separate and pure. But I am, or ought to be, talking of soap, so let me return from this digression.

Potash Soap, is the one, of course, which is made in this State, and of which I shall therefore, now speak more specifically.

There are two parties in soap making, as in medicine—*the hot and the cold practice:* the one insisting that the *whole body* of the soap must be boiled; while the other claims that all may be accomplished in cool blood, or rather barrel. If the ley be too weak when it is added to the grease, it will all have to be boiled, not to make it *saponify*, but to evaporate the water and get thick soap, instead of thin watery slime. But if the ley be of a standard strength, and is pure and clear, it will be enough to heat the ley only and pour it in requisite portions upon the grease, previously well tried out and placed in a barrel; a few day stime will answer the purpose of a few hours boiling, while it saves the dirt and heat and trouble of handling kettle after kettle full of the two, to the neat house wife at least, filthy materials.

But why does not soap always *come?*

Because, very often, the ley is not strong enough to give the requisite amount of potash without adding too much of the water of solution. The test is, that it must float an egg—not a stale or rotten egg, for they are *light*, and would float on water, but a fresh one, just from the hay-loft; and it must float it up fairly, so as to show a spot above the liquid as large as a cent. Ley such as this, will put grease into a quaking jelly quickly, and make no fuss at all about the matter.

But, very often, when the ashes stand for some time in the open air, before they are leached, or when the ley has been exposed after it has been drawn, or if the water, as it is in many springs, is impregnated with carbonic acid, then the ley as it comes through is not a pure solution of *caustic potash*, but of the *corbonate of potash;* and bearing in mind what was said above of the resolution of the grease into two acids, I shall be understood when I say that the alkali clings so strongly to the carbonic acid that it cannot leave it to combine with the weaker acids afforded by the decomposed oils.—Hence no charms nor boiling can effect the combination desired, and "soap won't come."

To avoid this difficulty, we must be rid of the carbonic acid; which is very simply accomplished by placing fresh burnt lime (quick lime) at the bottom of the leach-tub just over the straw so that the ley must filter through it before it is taken up; the effect of this is that the carbonic acid leaves the potash and unites with the lime, so that the ley is a pure solution of caustic potash saving a small quantity of lime, which is not injurious, but which is sparingly soluble in the liquid. Or if lime be not at hand when the leach is set up, a handful or two of it thrown into the ley while boiling, and briskly stirred, and the whole then allowed to settle, will afford i. e. the clear liquid, which is poured off, a ley as pure as that prepared in the first method. In both cases, however, the ley should either be used immediately or kept covered so as to exclude the air.

I have said that hard yellow soap is *soda soap*, and yet I suppose many of your readers will say, "why, I make hard soap easy enough out of potash ley—I never think of using soda at all! What can he mean?"

It is necessary, in order to make hard soap, that the material should be boiled just as for the soft on the "hot practice," and when it becomes good and thick, add a quantity of salt, and continue the heat. The surface will change color, and upon examination it will be found that the kettle contains two distinct substances, viz: at the top and floating on a dark colored fluid below, is the *thick* frothy mass, which on cooling and draining proves to be hard soap, while below is a solution of muriate of potash.

The explanation of this change is a beautiful instance of what chemists call double decomposition.

Before we put the salt into the boiling mass we had potash combined with margaric and oleic acids, i. e. common soft soap; to this we add common salt, which is itself a compound body, being a muriate of soda, i. e. muriatic acid and caustic soda; the double action then is, that the potash lays hold of the muriatic acid and thus forms a muriate of potash, leaving its former oily companion to contract a new alliance with the soda and generate hard soda soap. Those who live near the sea, where seaweed and other marine plants are obtained, can effect this result directly, without the intervention of potash. If the ashes of seaweed are leached, the product will be found to be a ley not of potash, but of soda, and if this be added to an oil or fat, the result will be a hard soap, similar in all respects to that procured by the process first detailed. This is the identical process by which the white Marseilles soap, and the mottled Castile soap are made. The only difference between the two being that, in the latter, the impure coloring matter and a slight excess of alkali is allowed to remain, which is not found in the former.

In general it is true that a soap that is intended to possess superior washing power, should contain an excess of the alkali, while the milder cosmetic and toilet soaps are more nearly neutral, and in practice are found to be more frothy than useful. Like all other articles for which there is great demand,

soap is often adulterated; the sticky bar soap of the cities is so largely composed of rosin that it may sometimes be detected by the odor, and always by the wash. The rosin is used to supply the place of the more expensive article, grease, while the consumer would much prefer to purchase the rosin and the soap in separate portions, mixing them only when he saw fit.

Those who are curious to follow out more minutely the chemistry of this useful and necessary substance, can find it treated more or less completely in most of our modern chemistries, particularly the manuals of Graham, Brande, and in the lectures of Liebig. F.

For the Indiana Farmer and Gardener.

Butter Making, and the Indianapolis Butter Market.

MR. EDITOR:—Are there any of the luxuries of the table equal to good fresh butter? This question, unfortunately, Mr. Farmer, too few of us are well qualified to answer. We are not permitted *very often* to enjoy it, and from some cause or other, our dairy folks hereabouts, do not seem to care much about improving our qualifications. To one who has been accustomed to the use of the New-England or Pennsylvania butter, where its manufactnre is completely understood, and the importance of having it *made* and *put up* of the best possible quality and in the neatest possible manner, is properly appreciated, the article usually presented for sale in the Indianapolis market presents a sorry picture.

This matter, too, concerns the seller, quite as much as the buyer; for the same churning *done right*, would readily sell for much more than can be had for it *done as it usually is*.

We have here, one of the finest countries in the world for the prosperity of the dairy. Compared with it, the rocky hills of New England, and the cold clay flats of the Jerseys and of Eastern Pennsylvania, are barrens. A good cow can be purchased and kept here, at less than half of the cost of the same things in the East. We have good springs, and can have first rate milk-houses and cellars. Then pray why can we not have good butter? We can, if our dairymen and women will once get their spirit up about it. There is nothing wanted but the will, and that the world will pay well for.

In my early days, it was my lot to labor on a Pennsylvania farm—to have to attend to milch cows, and to go weekly to a Pennsylvania market. Experience has given me some knowledge of how the thing should be done, and if, by the story of it, I shall cause it to be done so here, some of our tables will be vastly benefitted.

We hear a variety of reasons given why the butter generally is not better than it is. One gives this reason—finds this fault, another that. Now, in my opinion, generally the fault runs through the whole process.

In the first place, marketing in this country is regarded by our people as a matter of small importance; scarcely worth their attention. Here they are wrong. A farmer within fifteen miles of Indianapolis, with a farm, of even fifty acres, can so manage, if he will, as to realize more money from the sale of marketing, than he will, or does, realize now, from all the sales he makes in every way. Every farmer keeps eight or ten head of cattle, generally long-legged gaunt steers, or long-sided dry heifers.—They are worth nothing while he has them, and will sell for but little, if he wishes to dispose of them. This is wrong. If he would give them away—dispose of them any how—and supply their places with good milch cows, the same food would keep them, and they would, with a little care, produce him from thirty to forty pounds of butter per week, worth always from three to five dollars, and now worth six or eight dollars. Eight good cows properly managed and attended to, would average at least from twenty to twenty-five pounds of good butter per week *the year round*, besides keeping a common family supplied plentifully with milk and butter. The average price of butter here is ten cents the year round, so that from that alone, he would receive about $125 per year, or $15 from each cow. Every one knows, that the stock cattle now usually found on our farms, at three years old are not worth that. But, says the farmer, we could not find sale for butter, upon this plan. Then make cheese; there is always sale for that, and at as fair a profit as for butter.

A farmer, who intends to be a marketman, should not confine himself to the article of butter. There are a great variety of other matters, produced without loss of time, and, indeed, almost without expense, which will afford good and certain profit. If he have cows, there will be veal to sell. Should he keep a few sheep, as every farmer should, (if for nothing else, just to keep his grass fields and fence corners clean,) he will have mutton and a lamb for market. He will have small pigs in the summer and large pork in the fall and winter. His farm and garden will yield him vegetables—the earliest of the season getting the largest prices. Then what nick-nackeries cannot a thrifty farmer's wife treasure and gather up, for the market basket. Her kitchen garden, her poultry yard, her autumn cookery, and even her work-basket will all send forth their share, and yield to her and to her husband, profits that now they know nothing of.

Punctual and habitual attendance upon our Indianapolis market, neighbor farmers, is not a matter of small moment, nor one that you should disregard. The market of our place and its present regulations, I shall talk about hereafter; at present, my notions run on butter.

There are various suggestions and plans given us, as to the best mode of making good butter. It is a simple process—easily learned, and as easily achieved. The best plans probably, are to be found in a late report of the Agricultural Society of Philadelphia, and I advise you, Mr. Farmer and Gardener, to re-publish them.

There is one matter, which, though never mentioned, should never be lost sight of by a dairy-woman; for if forgotten for a moment, you are sure to find the evidence of the neglect: I mean CLEANLINESS—perfect cleanliness in everything, from the milk-pail to the customer's basket. There is nothing to me so disgusting as to see a dirty person, making up in a dirty tray, with dirty hands, a lump of dirty butter, to be wrapped in dirty rags, and carried in a dirtier basket, to market—baugh. Just think of it, sir. Only one or two pounds of butter in market, (had none for a week,) and those bearing most undubitable evidence of having gone through all the aforesaid dirty process. Who would give anything for butter like that? No, no, cleanliness should appear in every stage of the process, and you may depend upon it, *that* alone will make butter *sell*.

Every farmer who expects his wife to make good butter, after furnishing her with some good, well-fed milk cows, should provide her with good milk-pans—large and shallow, so as to present a large surface for the cream to rise on, and enough of them to hold all her milk, and allow it to remain undisturbed long enough for all the cream to rise.* These pans should be nicely washed every time the milk is emptied out of them, and always be clear and bright when filled.

And then, he should get a good sized barrel churn, large enough to hold all the cream ready for churning, and if very large, with two handles, so that two persons can churn at once. There are great advantages in this barrel churn. One of that kind is worth a dozen of your upright, firkin, oil-can concerns. It is easier worked, closer and cleaner, and more than all, enables you to *gather* and harden your butter, after it *comes*, with the dasher, ten times better than the upright churn. Any one who will try, and accustom herself to a barrel churn, will never be caught with the other kind again. Then if you have even eight or ten pounds of butter to churn, it is very hard work to do it in an upright churn, and very easy in one of the barrel shape.

Get a barrel churn and try it. If you attend market in the morning, you should do your churning at least twelve hours before, (unless in very warm weather, when it requires to be done more often than in cool weather;) just as often each week as you go to market to sell your butter.

Churning should be done by a steady, regular stroke of the dasher, like clock-work, not by fits and starts, or by rapid or hurried strokes on the cream, but by constant and unceasing revolutions of the dasher. As soon as the cream begins to thicken and get lumpy, if your cow has been fed on dry food, as is common in winter, break up the yolk of an egg and throw it into it, and continue churning until the butter is gathered into one or more large lumps. It is better to continue churning as long as you can move the butter with the dasher, for this operation hardens the butter and frees it of buttermilk. It should be then taken out of the churn and put into a clean tray (in the East they have long wooden trays, and large wooden bowls for this purpose,) and then kneaded and beaten with a wooden ladle, until every particle of buttermilk is hammered and worked out of it.

Now put your butter away, for about half a day, in a cool place, (if it be summer, in your spring-house,) and at the end of the time, work it thoroughly again, and you are very certain to clear it of buttermilk and other impurities.

The butter will then be, after being salted, in a good state to put up in shape for market. The yolk of the egg, which was put into the churn, will have given it a good color, and after it is thus worked, no one could tell that it had been put in it.

Before putting it up for market, and indeed during the process of handling and hardening, after taking it out of the churn, it should be several times washed in clear, cold water. This carries off impurities and any small quantities of buttermilk, and helps to cool and harden the mass. Your churn should be well washed and scalded and put away for future use; and just before putting your cream into it to churn again, should be well rinsed with cold water.

Do not salt your butter too much.* This is a great fault in Western butter. If you

* NOTE. These milk pans should be quite shallow, and hold about four quarts of milk. Cream will generally *rise* in about eight hours, but it is better, to suit all seasons, to let it have twenty-four hours to do it in. In cold weather, half a pint of boiling water poured into the pan with the milk, will greatly aid the rising of the cream.

* Very fine white salt should be used; and if your salt be coarse, powder it or roll it fine.

are anxious to sell a good large quantity of salt, bring it along with you to market, in a dish by itself, and offer it to your customers in that way. If they want it they will buy it that way, sooner than in spoiled butter. Every vessel and article of furniture used in butter making, should be nicely washed and carefully put away clean, as soon as you are done using it. Butter makers will find this a great advantage.

After your churning is done, and your butter worked and ready to put up, divide it out by weight, into one-pound lumps, and shape it and print it to suit your fancy.

Most of the butter brought to our market comes in the shape of square blocks. This is very well, but not so neat, and does not look so well as if in the shape of the section of a cone.

The most saleable butter, quality being equal, is that which is neatest put up.—There is a great deal in the *looks* of a thing. You'll always find it so.

Take your pound lump, and put it on a circular butter print, (having a handle under to hold it by,) and then with your ladle smooth and round the edges of the butter until it is as round as a sugar loaf, and flat on the top; indeed just like (in shape) a piece cut off a sugar loaf; then turn it down on a clean cloth, remove the butter print, and then you have (marked with your name, if that happened to have been cut on the print, or with flowers, or leaves, or any thing else that was on it) a pound of butter, done in first rate style, and if carefully brought to market wrapped up in clean, white, fine muslin or linen cloths, sure to sell for the highest price. Try this plan, and my word for it, you sell out first, and what is more important, I'll take the butter for six, if you don't.

A MARKET-MAN.

Continuation of Milk in Cows.

Extract of a letter from Mr. Calvin Butler, Plymouth, Connecticut, to the Editor: "On the subject of keeping cows in milk from year to year, I have had some experience. It is not true that cows kept constantly in milk, will, after a lapse of years fail of their milk. This depends upon the nature and disposition of the cow for milk or fattening. I kept one in milk for five years constantly, and she increased in her milk every year, and it was almost impossible to dry her when I turned her to beef. I am now milking one for the third year, which neither gains nor fails in her milk, and I presume would not, should she be milked ten years. I am milking another for the first year, which I presume will continue to gain, from year to year. My cows have been kept from the bull, not spayed."—*Al. Cul.*

To the Editor of the Indiana Farmer and Gardener.

RICHMOND, IA., 3d month, 10th, 1845.

Friend Beecher—I send enclosed a few observations which I have been making at different times, which, if worth publication, may find a place in the Indiana Farmer and Gardener. I find in the third number of that paper an article on the different length of time to which garden seeds will retain their vegetating power, from which I dissent in respect to *some* seeds. I will mention, particularly, the parsnep, which is set down as being good for only *one* year. In 1836 I received a present of a few parsnep seeds, of a fine quality, from a friend at a distance, which I planted. The seeds being good, I received a fine crop. The season following I transplanted a few for seed, of the finest and best looking roots, and obtained from them an abundance of seed. Changing my residence I had no opportunity of renewing my seeds, and therefore still planted my old seeds, though from the old story of one year seeds, with little hopes of any return. But the seeds came up well, *for four years in succession*, before I had any opportunity of replenishing my stock. I have regretted, since, that I did not try them longer by the way of experiment, as they came well the fourth season.

Carrots are also marked at one or *seven*. I do not know how to understand this, as it seems they are liable to lose the power to vegetate at one year, or not for seven. I should think, if they would keep for seven years, they could be relied on for more than one year. The Silk Culturist quotes them at two years. I have been making some other experiments on seeds, which I may give hereafter. I agree with the editor, in not depending on the old broken pitcher.

There is an apricot tree now growing in this neighborhood from a seed that was bro't from New York and kept as a family curiosity for fourteen years and then planted.

As the season of the year is at hand and planting already commenced, if the farmers would try the best method of raising the largest crops per acre of potatoes, turneps, melons, or any other kind of produce, and send in the result, we might be much benefitted thereby.

Farmers and fruit growers have grown neglectful of peach trees in consequence of thir short life and uncertainty of bearing. This arises from the fact, that peach trees are almost universally planted in the fence corners, and in other waste places about the farm, and suffered to be choaked with briars or a hard sward of grass. In this situation, the grub and other insects commence their depredations on the root, and by the time the tree is ready to bear fruit it begins to de-

cline; consequently, the fruit does not come to full perfection, and it is very inferior to fruit grown on trees in full health. From this fact the farmers have become discouraged, and have almost entirely abandoned the idea of planting peach trees. I would propose that we give it one more trial in old Wayne, and see if we cannot succeed better than heretofore. The best plan to keep up our peach orchards would be to plant a few trees every spring; thus, if one should decline another will be ready to supply its place. The best method to dislodge the grub—the principal enemy of the peach tree, is to dig around the roots of all the trees early in the spring, and examine them thoroughly. The grub will be found just under the bark, eating its way around the trunk. His burrowing place may be easily seen by cutting the bark of the root with a sharp knife; and after you have thoroughly dislodged all you can find, put tobacco stems or the waste tobacco from boxes around the roots of each tree and cover it lightly with loam. If you cannot get tobacco, take a peck or more of cinders and ashes from a blacksmith's forge and put around the roots; this will entirely destroy all insects, and produce a fine healthy growth of the tree. I have known several experiments of this kind that have been the means of restoring trees after they were so far diseased that the leaves had turned yellow.

The experiment is a cheap one, within the reach of every fruit grower, and if some of them will try it, and send in the result, much good may be done.

G. MENDENHALL.

We shall be glad to hear, from friend Mendenhall, his experiments upon seeds. We hope "Old Wayne" will come up to our help in communications, as it has done in subscribers. We have not the least doubt that there are a vast number of very useful facts stored up in the heads of many a Friend, and if, on a rainy day, they would put them on paper, our readers might be much indebted to "Old Wayne."

The Chief Sufferers from War.—Know you not that glory and military honor spring directly from the misery and degradation of the people! Whose bodies are these which fill the ditch? The laborers'. Whose comforts are reduced by heavy taxation? The laborers'. Who give us their all for their country's rights! The laborers. What creates an aristocracy? What tends to an unequal distribution of wealth? Military spirit.

Adv. of Peace.

From the Massachusetts Plowman.

Breaking Young Cattle.

It is sport, rare sport, for boys to yoke young steers and fret them, till they are tame; to whip them hard for obstinacy—for moving too fast or too slow. Boys will teach them a bushel of *tricks* sooner than a peck of *good manners*. Boys must not handle steers till they have been handled by men; and all men have not philosophy enough to make steers kind and obedient.

There is not so much risk run in breaking steers as in tutoring colts. The ox is so patient he will "endure all things," even ill tutoring. In the yoke, in the centre of a strong team, he must go will ye, nil ye; and in time he will think it prudent to draw a moderate load rather than feel the lash or the goad.

But what a vast difference you find between oxen that have been properly broken, and such as have loosely "borne the yoke in their youth," and had their own way at a hill or in the mire. Can they back a loaded cart? or will they know your voice at the plow?

Ill-tutored oxen will fail you in your utmost need. They never draw even, and one is not ready to put forth his strength till his yoke-fellow has exhausted all his store.—Then you leave your loaded sled in the woods and go for the mare; or you unlade a part and hie home in a pet.

Oxen should never know but that they can draw any load you put them to, and they will never suspect it under a perfect teamster. He will never let them draw when he finds the load quite too heavy, and by crying out to them to stop when they cannot go, he persuades them that they are stopped by his command alone.

Steers may be yoked at a very early age. When it is convenient, shut them up in a shed or strong pen, and gently place a light yoke on them there. Do not attempt to force them to march now, but wait till they have become used to this burthen. Feed them with something a little better than every-day fodder, and satisfy them that you intend no harm. If your shed is large, it will be prudent to pass a rope around the hind part of their bodies, to prevent their turning their yoke upside down, and making the near one the off ox. A rope will prevent this, for it will keep their hips as near to each other as their necks are. Some tie their tails together for this purpose; but a rope is better. When your steers have become a little used to the yoke, you can put a chain on, and let them be used to the clanking of the links. Chain them fast to a post in your shed, and let them feel that this front chain and the yoke are stronger than they are. They may

stand for half a day chained fast, and you need to look to them only occasionally.

Now you should unyoke them gently, and let them have their liberty, evidently by your own consent. On the morrow, yoke them again in the same place and with the same care. Then yoke up your oxen, and driving to the shed, make fast your steers to the oxen instead of to the post. Let the whole four stand awhile, that the steers may see that no harm is intended.

Soon you may urge them forward close after the oxen, and without using a whip. Let them follow round and round the yard, chained to the oxen, never putting them to draw till they have learned to follow without fear.

After this exercise, you can bring a light sled, or a pair of wagon wheels and tongue. and gently fasten your steers on this tongue, Let all stand a few minutes; then move gently forward, not to terrify the young fellows too much on finding a moving pole between them, and a pair of rolling wheels behind. Keep them in gear four or five hours to-day, having a rope on the horn of the nigh one, to make both follow directly after the oxen.

In this way you can use your steers to follow your oxen without striking a single blow. For the only cause of obstinacy, which we so often find in steers, is *ignorance* and *fear*. They know not what you would have—they fear giving offence, and they will prefer your lashing and beating, to any motion they can make. You know this is the case—for, unyoked, you can drive one or two, or a dozen, and no one thinks it advisable to stand and endure the lash, in preference to moving.

But you must teach your steers to *lead* as well as to follow your oxen. This requires skill, to prevent bad habits. When first put to lead, they will incline to run from you unless you have a rope on the near horn. But you will soon habituate them, *if you avoid beating*, to march straight forward; and they will suffer you to advance and come to their heads, without attempting to sheer off, if they find you friendly. In a snow path you will find it more easy to make them tractable, than in a plowed field.

It is quite important that young cattle should be loaded so light that they can overcome all obstructions without great effort. They should not suspect any load can stop them.

If they have not been set, and whipped, and bothered by vicious teamsters, you will find them ambitious to do all in their power for you, on rising a hill, or in miry carting. You will command their whole strength without striking a blow, and you will be more sure of getting out of the mire than by the use of all the whips you can command.

But your cattle will not go, nor will they stop when you desire, unless you use good language to them; not Greek, or Latin, or Hebrew—but good plain English. You may use the Hebrew well enough, provided you understand it, and provided you alone are to be the driver. But if you do not, or if you intend that others, who know nothing but English, shall drive your oxen occasionally, you will find the "English Tongue" the "Only Sure Guide," as Perry said of his spelling book, when it treated of that tongue.

Those who have heard the language of various drivers will not think this an unimportant rule. Oxen must be more knowing than lads, in Greek, to get a clear idea from the sounds made in their ears by their uncivil drivers. The same rigmarole, harum scarum, *hi, hoi, whoi, who-hay,* is used, whether the team is to move or stop—to haw or to gee—to keep quick time or to back the load; and the astonished ox—the *native* ox—must wait till the goad quickens his ideas, or till the butt-end of the handle on his nose, has planted the seed for a wen, to disfigure his face, cause him pain, and shorten his life.

Should not the doctrine of *transmigration* be taught to cruel masters! Who would thus abuse an ox, if he himself is to take his turn in the yoke and under the goad-stick.

Shade Trees.

How beautiful and pleasant they are!—How refreshing their shadow and protection from a hot summer sun! How easily procured; and yet how few are thoughtful and wise enough to plant a tree at the proper season. Our benevolent friend, Rev. H. LITTLE, has sent us the following note. It is full of "good counsel"—who will heed it!

Repub. Banner.

"Oh how my scholars will roast to-day!" said a teacher just starting to her school, a hot summer's morning, when the sun had attained to a high meridian heat at 9 o'clock. An hour after I felt the force of her exclamation, as I passed by the school house, and noticed its windows, multiplied on every side, so as to afford ample light, and not a single shade tree or curtain, to prevent the full force of the sun's rays upon some of the scholars the whole day.

Since that day I have been a careful observer of school houses, both in the city and country; and unless the evil can be corrected, as the dog-days approached, our children must be most distressingly tortured, if they do not lose their health or lives.

Since the hardy Pioneers entered these Western forests, we have lived over again the age which Judea's Poet refers to, when "a man was famous according as he had lift-

ed up axes upon the thick trees"—when the zeal, yes the *mania* for destroying trees has been such, that the authorities of many a western town have cut down every shade tree. But this era is closing, and if I mistake not, one is approaching when a man will be famous according as he makes trees grow in parks and side walks, and especially on the sunny side of every church and school house! Now Messrs. Editors, I hope you will take up your editorial pen, and thunder and *lighten* so that the civil authorities, the District Trustees, Parents and Teachers, may rise up this very week, and work as good taste, benevolence, and humanity may direct. H. LITTLE.

Facts for the People of Ohio and Indiana.

We commend to the people of Indiana the facts set forth in the accompanying extract. Is it not true that a defective system of agriculture is running Indiana behind as truly as Ohio? Instead of constant talk and cant about "virgin soil," and "inexhaustible fertility," &c., we wish our farmers would make a sober estimate of the condition of their farms; the annual amount of the crops. There are whole counties which have deteriorated; and there are many portions of Indiana which are changing the *objects* of cultivation, (because the soil fails to make them profitable returns,) without changing a bad husbandry, or even dreaming that very much of the loss and disappointment arises from ruinously unthrifty farming. *Hard times* have had to bear a vast amount of blame which they never deserved.—*Ed. Ia. Farm. & Gard.*

"*Decrease of the Wheat Crop—Our Glory departing!*—For the last five years it has been published to the world, that Ohio produces more wheat than any other State in the Union. This is the proudest boast of her citizens, and it has done more than all else to establish her *credit* abroad. With a wheat crop from twenty to twenty-five millions of bushels, one-half surplus product, it was well known that the farmers of Ohio would be able without difficulty, to pay their taxes, and the indebtedness of the State, and speedily to become prosperous and wealthy.

But the reports of the Commissioner of patents, show that our State is fast losing this enviable distinction; *and it is probable that next year's report will strip our farmers of this their highest honor!*

"The wheat crop of Ohio for the past three years is estimated as follows:

Crop of 1842, 25,387,439 bushels.
" 1843, 18,786,705 " 30 pr. ct. loss.
" 1844, 15,969,000 " 15 do. more do.

Showing a decrease of forty-five per cent. or nearly *ten millions of bushels* in only two years.

"And this, too, while it is well known that the number of acres devoted to this crop has every year been greater than the one preceding! And another important fact is, there has not been a proportional increase of other products to make up for this immense loss.

As evidence that this falling off is mainly attributable to *defective farming*, let us look at the example of New York, where knowledge has been diffused for a number of years past, by five or six widely circulated *agricultural papers*, several of them numbering from ten to twenty thousand subscribers; and where forty or fifty county agricultural societies, and one for the State, are sustained by the aid of $8,000 per year from the treasury. There the reports show a marked increase in the wheat crop during the same time that it has decreased in Ohio. The figures stand thus:

For 1842, 11,132,472 bushels.
" 1843, 12,479,499 "
" 1844, 14,975,000 "

Showing a gain of nearly four millions of bushels in two years; and most of the other products of the farm in that State, have increased in a proportionate ratio for the past four years.

"From these figures it is easy to see, that in all probability the next annual report will roh Ohio of the honor of being the first wheat State in the Union, and award the palm to the farmers of the *Empire State!*

"The first thing necessary to be done is to *circulate agricultural papers among the farmers*, and point out through them the necessity and means of improvement. Until this is done more effectually than now, it will be of comparatively little use to legislate upon the subject or to form associations: for, till then, not one in twenty of the farmers will co-operate in such measures. If the friends of the cause, who perceive the evil and the remedy, will go to work for this purpose, with one-tenth part the enthusiasm that is manifested during an ordinary political campaign, we should soon see results that would cheer the heart of every true patriot.

A State in embryo.—Nebraska is described by one who has often traversed it as among the most inviting regions of the far west. It is said to be perfectly healthy, and the finest grazing country on the continent.

Horticultural Items.

(Condensed from the London Gardener's Chronicle, by the Albany Cultivator.)

Gas Tar vs. Rabbits and Mice.—William May, of Bedale, Yorkshire, says he has tried this substance repeatedly for some years upon the fruit trees in his nursery, and in all cases it has kept off hares and rabbits, without the least injury to the trees. But it is necessary to apply it in winter when the trees are in a dormant state, as at any other season it destroys them. (Would it not be a simple and efficient remedy against the nibblings of mice, so often destructive to our fine young trees in winter!")

Authority for Names.—During some discussion in the agricultural part of the Gardener's Chronicle, dictionaries having been cited as authority, the following facts are stated:—Melocoton (the name of a peach, generally written Malacotoon) is evidently from Malum cotoneum of Pliny, which was our quince; it has hence been applied to certain yellow peaches, from their resemblance in color and skin, to the quince. A correspondent of the paper says, "in some fruit catalogues, I find it changed to Melocoton, but for an explanation I must turn over to Melicotony, where I see it translated "a Quince," "a Peach." Not satisfied with this information, I referred to a Spanish and English dictionary, where in the mean time, it had grown into "a peach tree engrafted into a quince tree!" This is about equal to Virgil in his second Georgic, where, leaving fact, and running wild into imagination, he speaks of walnuts engrafted on arbutes, apples on plums, and beeches on chestnuts; adorns the wild ash with the white blossoms of the pear, and represents swine crushing acorns under elms. In keeping with the whole of this, he finally gives life and sense to his engrafted trees, making them wonder at the unknown leaves and fruits with which they are loaded. Equally sensible, but infinitely less poetical, are the stories which go the rounds of the papers every few years, of budding peaches on walnuts, and on willows, &c.

Covering for Flower Beds.—It is an excellent plan to cover clumps with moss, to prevent the soil getting dry in hot weather, for which purpose it may be skinned off in large patches, and neatly laid down, which gives it a fine appearance. By occasionally watering it in dry weather, and especially shaded by shrubs and trees it will keep fresh for the season.

Grafting Currants.—The London Gardener's Chronicle recommends, for the pretty appearance presented, as well as for improved flavor, to graft currants of different colors, as the red, black, and white, variously intermixed, on stocks trimmed up to a single stem three or four feet high. The tops may be headed down to a dense compact head, or trained as espaliers in the horizontal or fan method, the two latter modes of training, by the free exposure to sun and air, much improving the quality of the fruit. The importance of trimming the bushes up to a single stem to improve the fruit and facilitate clean culture, instead of suffering two hundred and fifty suckers to shoot up all round into a dense brush heap, is very obvious to those who have tried both.—*Ib.*

The Apple Worm.—We give the following, from a letter from R. L. Pell, Esq.—"I have for years been at a loss to know from whence the worm was derived, which is always found in fallen fruit, or in that ripening prematurely; by an accident, last spring, when my fruit trees were in bloom, a limb of an apple tree was cut off; I examined the blossoms, and discovered numerous small worms, precisely like those found in the fruit, at a later period; even many of the buds still unopen, contained a worm. I observed as the fruit enlarged, the worm eat its way into it, and caused it to fall. The season was still cold, not a fly of any description had yet appeared; the conclusion I arrived at was, that the egg had been deposited early in the autumn in the bud intended for fruit the ensuing season. Last fall I noticed my trees frequently, and invariably saw numerous winged insects flying around them, and alighting on the buds, but could not discover to what family the obnoxious one belonged. Can you throw any light on the subject?"—*Alb. Cult.*

Scene.—Village Tavern.—Two travellers drive up and order a peck of oats for their horse.

1*st Traveller*—(drawing towards the stove) Landlord, I see you have no bar; do you keep the Striped Pig?

Landlord—Not exactly, but I keep a tame Fox.

2*d Traveller*—Can't we see him?

Landlord—Certainly. Walk this way, gentlemen; (taking them to a room in the rear and showing them the table loaded with choice liquors,) what will you take, gentlemen?

Travellers—O, nothing, nothing at all; we only wished to see the *critter.*—*Vermont Chron.*

One mild word quenches more heat than a whole bucket of water.

Fogive every man's faults except your own.

INDIANA FARMER & GARDENER.

Indianapolis, Saturday, April 5, 1845.

Our Exchange List.

We issued our first number without a subscriber and without an exchange paper; but we had company in our subscribers long before we had any in exchange papers. Now, the most of the latter have come to hand. We have sent, however, to the *Massachusetts Plowman*, *Dollar Farmer*, *Western Farmer & Gardener*, *Hill's Monthly Visiter*, and the *New England Farmer*, without, as yet, receiving any return. We are gratified to see our articles quoted in the above papers (to some of which we have access) and we presume that, in the press of spring business, they have forgotten to enter the Indiana Farmer and Gardener on their exchange list. Will the gentlemen conducting the above papers remedy the oversight, and allow our readers the benefit of their information?

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1. HOVEY'S MAGAZINE OF HORTICULTURE.—We have been a diligent reader of this, the best standard American Horticultural journal, for the three past years. We have always esteemed it highly. But it was not until we had it bound and began to consult it in the investigations required by our editorial vocation, that we fully appreciated its value. We find notices in the volume for 1844 of more than five hundred plants, careful descriptions of many fruits, old and new; very able papers on the cultivation of plants, vegetables and fruits, from the most distinguished cultivators; besides a great amount of miscellaneous matter. We know of no other work in the United States, by which one may keep pace with the progress of Horticulture in all its departments; and we should regard its extensive circulation at the West as a sign and omen of great good. We recommend all who can afford three dollars a year for a sterling monthly, beautifully got up, in the best style of Boston typography, to send to Boston for Hovey's Magazine. We give it an unqualified recommendation, and those who take it one year will be loth to part with it.

2. MAINE FARMER.—A weekly newspaper, filled with original and selected agricultural articles, general news, and didactic matter, published at Augusta, Maine, $2.00 per annum, and edited, as all the papers agree in saying, by the facetious Dr. Holmes. So much was said of the funny Doctor, that we did not know what to expect in a paper which was a rendezvous for all agricultural merry mischief. We did not expect to find his cattle, or crops, or experiments, or reports, like those of any body else; doubtless the very hay-ricks would have a smirk—sombre barns would have a knowing look, half sober and half jocund—and the old sod would turn over with a waggish leer at the plow, in this agricultural Punch. This is what we half expected. But lo! the Maine Farmer, is a good, sound, sober, useful journal, to a great extent following the immemorial custom of treating dull things in a very dull manner, and breaking forth into exuberance of mirth only in some unwatchful hour, just as birds, some summer nights, wake and sing a note or two, and then hush as if alarmed at the untimely music. But in good sooth it is a valuable paper.

3. NEW ENGLAND FARMER.—This venerable old journal is a very good type of the land of its nativity. Solid, useful, steady, shrewd, busy, enterprising, and never behind the age. It issues as regularly as the sun. Had the Millerites seen any irregularity in the New England Farmer they would have hailed it with great joy, as a sign that Nature was out of order. We have never received a *poor* number. It has much that is heavy, to us, and much that is *local*, (as every good paper must have) but, having four volumes bound to which we almost daily refer for information, for the history of agriculture, for the opinions of able men on important matters, we are too much indebted to it to find fault, even if it had imperfections.—*Boston, weekly*, $2,00 per annum.

4. THE BOSTON CULTIVATOR.—We have always read extracted articles from this spirited paper with interest and profit, and its arrival created quite a pleasurable sensation, taking us something by surprise. It is larger than we expected—contains four times as much matter—has *three* editors, and, as we are informed, about 11,000 subscribers! We stand quite in awe of a paper which does business on such a scale. Like the Maine Farmer, it has a strong forequarter of agricultural matter, and the residue is made up of whatsoever is most esteemed, in a racy, spirited, commercial, family newspaper.—*Boston, weekly*, $2,00 in advance.

5. Next, as we travel west, comes the ALBANY CULTIVATOR—the most skillful and the best of all the immense family of CULTIVATORS—distinguished in having had an eminent founder, in Judge Buel, and in having had, successively, editors who were worthy to succeed a Buel. Rev. Mr. Putnam, in retiring from the chair of the New England Farmer, pronounced the Albany Cultivator to be the best paper, without exception, in the United States. Perhaps this is sufficiently *ardent*, and not exactly true, if we remember the American Agriculturist at New York city. But it may be said that there is not a *better* agricultural journal. This opinion seems to prevail at large; for we read that in the month of January last between 8,000 and 9,000 subscribers were put down on its list. This *harvesting* in the month of January is very pleasant business; and next year we mean to try it ourselves, and are already putting in the seed for the crop.

(To be continued.)

Correction.

In our *fifth* number we gave credit to the New England Farmer, for an account, by Mr. Earle, of a Golden Russet, peculiar, we believe, to Massachusetts. The credit *should* have been to the Boston Cultivator. It is a little matter; but papers cannot be too scrupulously careful to make accurate statements and to give credit for what they borrow from others; and in giving the credit, to give it to the *right ones*.

April Garden Work.

Every one will now be at work in the garden. A few suggestions may make your garden better.

Plowing Gardens.—We do not like the practice except when the garden is large, and the owner unable to meet the expense of *spading*. But if you must plow, let that be well done. Those contemptible little one-horse plows, with which most gardens are plowed, should be discarded. The best plowing will be too shallow, but these spindling little plows, drawn by a little meagre horse, will skim over your ground, averaging from three to four inches deep, and preparing your soil to receive the utmost possible detriment from summer droughts. What chance have young roots, or the finer fibres of plants to penetrate more than a few inches of surface soil? Persons come to our garden and wonder why some vegetables flourish so well, while they never have luck with them; "it must be a difference of soil." No, it is the difference of working it. Give your vegetables a chance to descend eighteen or twenty inches, if they incline to it, and you will have no more trouble. A large plow should be used, and you should stand by, and *see* that it is *put in to the beam*. A garden soil is usually mellow, and a plow can go to its full depth without hurting the horses.

Spading.—This mode of working the ground will always be employed by those ambitious of having a *first rate* garden. Indeed, where there is much shrubbery and permanent beds, as of asparagns, pie plant, strawberry, and plantations of currants, raspberries, &c., spading is the only method which *can* be employed.

Spading Shrubbery.—Let very fine manure be spread about roses, honeysuckles, and ornamental shrubs (where they are not standing in a grass lawn.) Beginning at the plant, with great care turn over the soil one or two inches deep, yet so as not to injure the fibres; gradually deepen the stroke of your spade as you go out from the plant; at two feet from the shrub you may put in the spade half its depth, and at three feet to its full depth. You will of course cut many roots, but they will very soon re-form and send out fibres, and, by the manure spaded in, be supplied with abundant nourishment for the season.

Spading Flower Beds.—This requires a practiced hand. There is danger of wounding and displacing clumps of flower roots, or of filling the crowns with dirt, or of leaving the surface uneven, and the edges ragged. If there is a skillful gardener to be had, hire it done, and watch while he performs; for any man who has seen a thing done in a garden once, ought to be ashamed if he cannot himself do it afterwards.

Spading Vegetable Beds.—Asparagus, pie plant, strawberries, &c., require enriching every year, and to have the manure forked or spaded in. It is easy to perform this upon strawberries, and a spade is preferable. A three or four pronged fork is better for asparagus, and pie-plant. Be careful not to tear or cut the crowns of the plants. No material injury ensues from clipping the side fibres, *in the spring;* in summer when a plant requires all its mouths to supply sap for its extended surface of leaf, it is not wise to cut the roots or fibres at all, but only to keep the surface mellow and friable.

Deep Spading.—Ames' garden spades measure twelve inches in length of blade. In a good soil the foot may gain one or two additional inches by a good thrust. Thus the soil is mellowed to the depth of fourteen inches. This will do very well; but if you aspire to do the very best, another course must be first pursued. The first spadeful must be thrown out, and a second depth gained, and then the top soil returned. This is comparatively slow, and laborious, but it need not be done more than once in five years, and by dividing the garden into sections, and performing this *thorough-spading* on one of the sections each year, the process will be found, practically, less burdensome than it seems to be. We shall recur to this feature of gardening in our next number, in treating of dahlias, tuberoses, gladiolus, &c.

A wise man will not tell such a truth as every one shall take for a lie.

Experience is the father, and memory the mother of wisdom.

Catalogue of Flowers, Seeds, and Fruits.

We have received from different directions catalogues of Seeds, Flowers, and Fruits. Instead of a mere mention of them, we shall employ them as *texts* for some remarks on the departments to which they belong.

SEED CATALOGUE.—We have one of Mr. *Breck* of Boston, but not for the current year. One of *Wm. R. Prince*, Flushing, Long Island, for 1842–3, and a Catalogue of *Landredth's*, (Philadelphia.) Garden seeds, for sale at E. B. Hinman's, No. 2, Lower Market Street, Cincinnati. This last catalogue pleases our judgment better than any other which we have seen. The kinds, and varieties of the same kind, of vegetables advertised are satisfactory. Then, there is evidence that the easily besetting sin of seed establishments has been resisted and very much overcome, viz: *a prodigal multiplication of varieties*. Now we do not wish to tie down a seedsman to only one variety of cucumber — one pea — one bean; for there is great advantage in having many varieties of the same vegetable. Some love mild radishes, and some love the full peppery taste; as both qualities cannot exist in the same variety, it is desirable to have two. But some radishes which do admirably in the spring and early summer, lose their good qualities if planted in summer. We therefore seek and find a summer variety. This again fails for late autumnal use, and we procure a (so called) winter sort. We need one pea for its *earliness:* but early fruit seldom has size or a high flavor; we desire other varieties, therefore, for flavor, even though, in giving them a longer period to perfect their juices, we have a late pea. But some men raise peas for *market*, and cannot afford to raise a pea merely because fine-flavored, unless also it is *prolific*. Then, once more, market peas must be raised, usually, as a *field-pea*, and sown broad-cast. Some peas stand up stronger than others, and these are of course preferred. Now, as we cannot find any vegetable that combines all the qualities of *earliness, size, flavor*, and adaptation to variety of soil and diversity of cultivation, we come as near to it as possible, by gaining *varieties*, in which some one or more of these qualities are better developed than in any others. The reasons for multiplying varieties afford a rule by which they may be limited.

The fact that a seed is a variety different from all others is no good reason for retaining or cultivating it; it must, in SOME *respect surpass others*, now in use, or it only encumbers the garden. What is the use of ten varieties of peas ripening at the same time, of one size, and differing from each other in not one assignable particular?—When a catalogue enumerates *fifty varieties* of cabbage, or pea, or bean, are we to believe that each of the *fifty* has a virtue peculiar to itself? If not, if two-thirds of them have no merit which is not found, and found in a higher degree, in the one-third, they have no business to be retained. Let the one-third stand and the rest be erased. We regard a *very* fat catalogue as we do a very fat man—all the worse for its obesity. In comparing catalogues, we are not left as much without an authoritative standard of judgment, in respect *to a proper extension of the number of varieties*, as might at first appear. English gardening has been carried to such a degree of excellence, both as an art and as a science, that we may regard the deliberate judgment of the best gardeners as law on this subject. When Loudon published his invaluable Encyclopedia of Gardening, he was permitted by the London Horticultural Society to avail himself of the services of the distinguished Monro in the department of culinary vegetables.

Let us compare the catalogues of the three first rate seedsmen, already named, as it respects a multiplication of varieties, with Mr. Monro's selections:

	Cucumber.	Melon.	Celery.	Beet.	Turnep.	Cabbage.	Peas.	Beans.	Lettuce.
Landredth - -	2	15	2	5	9	10	7	15	8
Breck - - - -	9	10	6	8	22	18	20	24	12
Prince - - -	17	25	8	9	30	49	47	61	56

Mr. Monro names *nineteen* kinds of peas only, instead of *forty-seven: twenty-two* kinds of beans instead of *sixty-one;* seven varieties of turnep instead of *twenty-two*, or, worse yet,

thirty; fourteen sorts of lettuce, instead of *fifty-two*.

To the uninitiated a catalogue may look meagre with only *eight* kinds of lettuce instead of *fifty; fifteen* beans instead of *sixty-one*, &c., but these corpulent catalogues make meagre pockets, except in the case of the *seedsman*. A much greater latitude of varieties is allowable in a nursery catalogue than in a seedsman's list. But in even these there is a disposition to extravagance which needs to be corrected. Where the disproportion of knowledge between the buyers and seller is so great as it is, and, for some time, must be, in horticultural matters, it becomes nurserymen and seedsmen who *are* honest (and we have many such, and they are increasing)—those who regard their business as an honorable branch of *science*, as well as a proper means of livelihood, and who hope to gain a high *reputation*, even more than they do wealth, it becomes such to render the lists SELECT; and while the monstrously bloated catalogues of boasting and avaricious men continue to perplex and deceive the unwary, let all intelligent cultivators *sustain* those who rely on the *quality* rather than *quantity* of their articles.

What shall be done with Ashes.

For the Indiana Farmer and Gardener.

MR. EDITOR:—I have just got through with soap making, and, as usual, have a large quantity of leached and unleached ashes on hand. How shall I use them to the best advantage in the garden?

A FEMALE READER.

Without stopping to give a detail of the chemical composition of wood ashes, we shall give a practical reply to our esteemed correspondent. Experiments have seemed to show, that, for purposes of tillage, *leached* ashes are just as good as the *unleached*. So that housewives may have all the use of their ashes for soap, and then employ them in the garden. Leached ashes become better by being exposed for sometime to the air, absorbing from the atmosphere fertilizing qualities, (carbonic acid!)

So valuable are ashes regarded in Europe, that they are frequently hauled by farmers from twenty miles distance—and on Long Island they bring eight cents a bushel.

The ashes of different kinds of wood are of very unequal value—that of the oak the least, and that of the beach the most valuable. The latter wood constitutes two-thirds of the fire wood of this region, and the ashes are therefore the very best.

A coat of ashes may be laid, in the spring, over the whole garden and spaded in with the barnyard manure.

They may be dug in about gooseberry and currant bushes.

They are excellent about the trunks of fruit trees, spreading the old each year, and renewing the deposite.

They may be thinly spread over the grass plat in the door yard, as they will give vigor and deeper color and strength to the grass.

I have usually added about one shovelfull of ashes to every *twenty* in making a compost for flowers, roses, shrubs, &c.

Ashes are peculiarly good for all kinds of melon, squash, and cucumber vines. This is well known to those who raise water melons on burnt fields, on old charcoal pits, &c. We have seen statements of cucumbers being planted upon a peck of pure, leached ashes, in a hole in the ground, and thriving with great vigor. The ashes of vines shew a great amount of potash; and as wood ashes afford this substance abundantly, its use would seem to be indicated by theory as well as confirmed by experiment

Lastly, whenever ground is liable to suffer severely from drought, we would advise a liberal use of ashes and salt.

Getting poor on rich Land and rich on poor Land.

A close observer of men and things told us the following little history, which we hope will plow very deeply into the attention of all who plow very shallow in their soils.

Two brothers settled together in ——— county. One of them on a cold, ugly, clay soil, covered with Black-jack oak, not one of which was large enough to make a half dozen rails. This man would never drive any but large, powerful, Conastoga horses, some seventeen hands high. He always put *three* horses to a large plow, and plunged it in some ten inches deep. This deep plowing he invariably practiced and cultivated

thoroughly afterwards. He raised his seventy bushels of corn to the acre.

This man had a brother about six miles off, settled on a rich White river bottom-land farm—and while a blackjack clay soil yielded seventy bushels to the acre, this fine bottom land would not average fifty. One brother was steadily growing rich on poor land, and the other steadily growing poor on rich land.

One day the bottom-land brother came down to see the blackjack-oak farmer, and they began to talk about their crops and farms, as farmers are very apt to do.

"How is it," said the first, "that you manage on this poor soil to beat me in crops."

The reply was "*I* WORK *my land*."

That was it, exactly. Some men have such rich land that they wont *work* it; and they never get a step beyond where they began. They rely on the *soil*, not on labor, or skill, or care. *Some men expect their* LANDS *to work, and some men expect to* WORK THEIR LAND;—and that is just the difference between a good and a bad farmer.

When we had written thus far, and read it to our informant, he said, three years ago I travelled again through that section, and the only good farm I saw was this very one of which you have just written. All the others were desolate—fences down—cabins abandoned, the settlers discouraged and moved off. I thought I saw the same old stable door, hanging by one hinge, that used to disgust me ten years before; and I saw no change except for the worse in the whole county, with the single exception of this one farm.

Horticultural Terminology.

The season is approaching for summer Horticultural shows. Will the gentlemen of the press, and those cultivators who are interested in *accurate* statements, permit me to urge upon their attention, the necessity of a *uniform and general system of reporting on fruits and vegetables*. Nothing can be more diverse, and, oftentimes, nothing more vague than the descriptions given by horticultural committees, and by exhibitors. An English paper states that Mr. Digby exhibited *six* stalks of rhubarb weighing *seventeen* pounds—nearly three pounds apiece. Is it customary to weigh *with*, or *without the leaf*? If with, the specimens were not so prodigious as they otherwise would seem to be. Apples are frequently reported as of medium size, or large, or small. But it is often desirable, in identifying unknown fruits, to have a more accurate guide than these very vague terms, which include every size between two extremes. To be sure, one can distinguish a large from a small apple. But can one tell the difference between one medium sized apple and another medium sized apple? The Golden Russet, the Kirkbridge white, and the Jennetan vary from each other, and yet are all of *medium* size. If we say small, below medium, medium, above medium, moderately large, large, &c. we gain only a general idea, sufficiently accurate for popular purposes, but not adequate to the wants of one trying to identify a doubtful fruit, or to convey an idea of a new variety. Ten apples which vary from each other in size, may yet all be *large*.

What is a *long* apple? Is it one which *measures* long, or *looks* long? If those who describe many of our apples to be *long* would put them on a scale, they would be surprised to find that the eye deceived them. Ought there not to be a *standard*—an *established* rule, to which every vegetable exhibited shall conform?—Some measure corn on the cob; some shelled. Some weigh famous specimens of roots with fibres on, and a liberal specimen of the soil in which they were grown—others reduce the root to its own main form.

Now, since societies are springing up in every city, and horticultural and agricultural papers are reporting every month the famous specimens, ought there not to be a *common horticultural language?* This is the more desirable if one reflects that the fruits of New England, Carolina, and Indiana, are grown under very different circumstances. The same apple almost ceases to be the same in very different localities. A comparison of fruits and vegetables grown in the north, south, and west, requires a system of common measurement, common weighing, and common descriptive terms.

We do not look for anything more at pre-

sent, than a beginning; and we feel sure that this work will scarcely be an *individual* labor, or the product of a single association. In the nature of things, much must be looked for from those who have had long and ABUNDANT OPPORTUNITIES of observation. We propose that every State, or city society shall prepare and publish a code of rules for itself. From these, in due time, a national convention (we shall assuredly have one ere long—a convention of scientific men, not deficient in practical knowledge; and of practical men not deficient in scientific knowledge) may digest a Science of the Description of Fruits — a Pomological Terminology.

Plow till it is dry, and plow till it is wet.

Speaking of the article on CORN in the fifth number of our paper, a very intelligent gentleman of this place remarked: "Well, by a five minutes' talk, I made Mr. —— produce the best crop he ever had on a certain field." He was looking over the fence where his corn was, at a flat field, upon furrows full of water; as I came by he said; "well, I shall never get a crop off this piece of land; its going just as it always does when I plant here." I told him of an old man in Martin county, Indiana, who was a good farmer, to whom I once said when at his house one morning:—

"Deafenbaugh, how is it that you always have good corn when no one else gets a half crop?"

"*Why*," said he, "*when it is wet I plow it till it is dry, and when it is dry I plow it till it is wet.*"

The man to whom I told this anecdote, says our informant, tried the practice, and gained a fine crop.

Now the principle is *good*. Our Dutch friend Deafenbaugh would not, we suppose, plow a stiff *clay* in a wet condition, unless, possibly, to strike a channel through the middle between-rows. But the gist of the story lies in this—*constant cultivation*. Stir, *stir*, STIR the ground.

A wise lawyer never goes to law himself.

'Tis more noble to *make* yourself great, than to be born so.

The Season--Fruits--Frost.

Our whole past winter has been remarkably mild, and as early as the middle of February we began to do something in the garden. But through the middle of March, say the second and third weeks, we have had a cold snap. On one morning the thermometer sank as low as 8 deg. or 24 deg. below freezing point. On several mornings it was 18 deg. and, for two weeks past (March 26,) never higher than 24 deg. at sunrise.

The vegetation had so far advanced that this sudden and severe cold enabled us to test the effects of freezing on many plants. Our *crocuses* were frozen while in full blossom, but seem little injured, blooming as gaily as if they thought it all a matter of course. The flower stalk of the Hyacinth was fully protruded, and the buds beginning to expand, but they bear no marks of material injury from such rough handling. We found a Narcissus in full bloom, undrooping, and apparently unaffected, on the day when the thermometer was 24 deg. below the freezing point.

The peach buds were badly injured on young trees by a *sleet* which occurred early in February. But *all* were not destroyed. On old trees they were but little injured. We examined a day or two since and found the buds fresh and safe, and we may reasonably expect, so far as any injury has yet occurred, a moderate crop of peaches. This will be the fourth successive year in which peach trees *hit*. Cherries, plums, pears, and apples, are entirely safe as yet.

The Cincinnati Gazette renders an account of these things in that locality:

"We do not recollect, for many years, to have experienced so many cold days, at this season of the year. In warm situations, peach trees were in full bloom, and the fruit all killed. The weather, though extremely cold, was dry, or the injury would have been much greater. On examining the trees in an extensive garden in the city, every blossom of the peach, apricot, nectarine and plum, in bloom, or near expanding, were killed. Very few live buds were left on the apricot, but a large majority of the peach and nectarine trees, had not more than one-third of the buds killed, though there is danger that the fruit may suffer in quality and size. But few of the plum and cherry trees

were so far advanced as to be injured. A few miles back from the river, vegetation is some days later than on the Ohio, and fruit back from the river, it is presumed, has not been injured, in situations where the weather has been dry."

Going Behind--a New Rotation.

An old citizen of Indiana, and universally known among us, speaks of his own, Knox county, in a strain which is severe enough, and if literally justified by facts, severer than anything we have read about Indiana:

"It is a fact that our county is falling behind the times. From being the first of the counties in Indiana, it is getting to be the last; we have stood still where we were thirty years ago, whilst others have gone ahead. But this is not the time for particulars, I must confine myself to generals, and two shall suffice. The largest portion of our farmers are acquainted with one only rotation of crops, poor corn, poorer corn, poorest corn; then mean oats, then an excuse for wheat, and then poor corn again. But hard times all the while! A yet larger portion of our farmers are entirely innocent of any suspicion of the qualities of first rate fruit; and there is not an orchard of bearing trees in the county which will furnish a succession of apples ripening from July to May."
Vincennes Gazette.

We cannot imagine but one other fact necessary to make up the climax. Do the farmers, without orchards, or with moss-grown trees — bark-bound and filled with stumps of dried branches, bearing a starveling crop of poor seedling apples, with inferior corn crops and poor wheat, and we suppose with the poorest stock of cattle possible, do they in addition to all this cry out against "book-farming" — agricultural papers — against learning from men who use their heads instead of their hands! If this be so we are in despair for them. We can only say, that we use both our *hands* and *head*, and if this can give us their confidence as the conductor of the Indiana Farmer and Gardener we should be glad to circulate it all through "Old Knox." We may as well say, that we are half inclined to believe, that if we were to visit Knox, we should find things a *little* better than the melancholy picture drawn by the strenuous pen of S. J.

Sloth is the key to let in beggary.

Blackberries.

We observe, with great pleasure, a disposition on the part of skillful cultivators, to improve our wild fruits. Mr. N. Longworth, of Cincinnati, well known all over the Union as an enthusiastic and successful cultivator of fruits and flowers, writes: "Are there any blackberries growing in your region that produce extra-sized fruit? I am collecting specimens of this fruit for garden culture. I have the *white*, *blue*, *pink*, and *black* berry among them." We shall direct attention to the matter this summer. We received the *white* from Mr. Enoch May, of this place, who takes pleasure in collecting from the woods and fields all curiosities. We doubt not he will be pleased to make special inquisition for every variety of blackberry, the ensuing season. Mr. Longworth also requests new and handsome varieties of *wild flowers*. Will those who have taste in such matters remember the interest felt at Cincinnati in such things, and assist by collecting whatever is rare or beautiful in their neighborhoods?

Ellsworth's Agricultural Reports.

The whole community are indebted to the zeal with which Mr. Ellsworth, Commissioner of the Patent Office, Washington city, collects all manner of information pertaining to husbandry, and to the industry and disinterestedness with which he pushes off his seeds and reports to the remotest bounds of our States and Territories. The report for 1844 is even better than any hitherto. We thank him for a copy, which we shall employ in enriching the Indiana Farmer and Gardener; and we also thank him for two packages of valuable seeds, which we have distributed and are distributing in a manner, which will answer, we trust, the end sought by the Government in sending out from the Patent Office so large a quantity, annually, of well-known or standard new seeds.

Did you ever know a young lady who was too weak to stand up during prayer time in church, who could not dance all night without being tired at all?

From hearing comes wisdom; and from speaking, repentance.